

### OPPOSED TO LOAFERS.

**A Whisky Soak Who Believed in the Rights of Labor.**

"I still insist on my views on the eight hour question," remarked a man with a seedy suit of clothes and a badly torn hat, as he assumed an oratorical position at the bar.

"No one here has doubted them," answered the Court, as he took off his spectacles.

"But the officer interrupted me just as I was about to finish my argument and cast me into a vile dungeon," indignantly added the prisoner.

"He says that you were drunk, and that you kicked a banana peddler in the shins," said the Court.

"I deny the allegation!"

"And, of course, you defy the allegation?" observed the Court.

"I do, sir; most emphatically! Why sir, I was not drunk! Whenever I speak of the oppressing greed of capital as opposed to the rights of the laborer, my blood begins to boil, and my feelings carry me away! Capital, sir, is a monster that will yet destroy labor unless the latter organizes, and hurls back the Goulds and Vanderbilts with their bloated millions, and—"

"Hold on my friend!" interrupted the court. But the man at the bar was excited and flinging his arms around wildly yelled: "Down with organized capital; down with the vampires who live off the earnings of the laboring man!"

"Exactly, sir, I admire your language," said the judge, "and also the sentiments contained in it."

"I am filled with the wrongs of the laborer!"

"I am forced to say that from the affidavit it appears that yesterday you were filled with soul destroying liquor."

"It was the excitement of the occasion!"

"The affidavit further says you broke a window in a saloon!"

"I was gesturing!"

"Precisely! And the barkeeper is willing to swear that you hit him with a rock when he suggested that you pay for forty-five cents' worth of drinks that you had ordered."

"I merely told him to wait."

"Of course. And the policeman has a bill for \$5.85 for damages to a dress coat which he will file against you."

"All his own fault, sir. We working-men have undeniable rights which even policemen must respect. I spared him because he represented the law. I could have crushed him!"

"See here, my friend! You have been howling about workingmen's rights for some time. What do you do for a living?"

"I—I—I—that is—you see—"

"Out with it, sir!"

"Well I ain't employed just now. I have been unfortunate!"

"How long have you been er—unfortunate?"

"Well, let me see. In 1884 I had the rheumatiz for eleven months. In 1885 the dumb ague tackled me, and never let go for ten months. Since then I have been fighting malaria."

"Sure it is malaria?"

"Oh, yes; I have the statements of six physicians that it is malaria."

"Couldn't it be whisky?"

"No sir! It was malaria!"

The court put on its spectacles, and after figuring a minute with his pencil, softly remarked:

"After mature deliberation I am forced to the conclusion that you are a bum."

"Me, sir? I am a Knight of Labor."

"You are a fraud! You are a Knight of Loaf! And I am going to put you to work!"

"Don't do it."

"What, put you to work?"

"No, I meant—don't send me up?"

"Fall back, you labor champion, and taste the sweet fruits of hard labor on the rock pile."

"You are in league with the monopolists! You are opposed to labor as against capital!"

"I am opposed to loafers. Fall back and wait for the chariot that will convey you to the Home for Snide Labor Agitators!"

"I'll have you boycotted."

"Too late, sir. The sentence to-day will be three months. The next time this Court will make it double." And after he was taken down the turnkey chalked "John Wilson, booze fighter, 30-50," on his cell door.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

### San Francisco Stock-Gambling.

I am confident that the romance of stock-gambling will never be written, writes a San Francisco correspondent of *The Sacramento Bee*. Life here is too rapid, too pushing for men to pause and reflect on that curious "has been" of San Francisco. But I never stroll down Pine street, or linger in the shadows of Pauper alley, but I meet someone who would be entitled to a place in that unwritten romance. The tall figure, a face clean cut and refined, gait flow and painful from the effect of an old wound, is before me as I write, James D. Walker ten years ago was a member of the bonanza firm, and his check was good for \$500,000, aye, or \$1,000,000, at any bank in the country. Then Flood and Fair bought him out, and Walker opened a broker's office under the Nevada bank, and did all the business of his former partners. In these times Flood, Fair, and Mackey were on the top notch of speculation. They were swinging the market at their own sweet will, and making or breaking the thousands who were battling with the fierce tide of stock-gambling. Alexander Austin, or "Sandy," as his friends used to call him, had just served his term as tax collector, and went in with Walker. How they did make things boom! The high-salaried clerks—the book-keeper got \$400 a month, and had a sumptuous lunch served every day in a large room in the rear of the office at the expense of the firm. Their expenses were enormous, but so was their business. The partners were clearing \$20,000 a month, but they were standing on the brink of a precipice. Flood remarked that other and outside brokers were manipulating certain stock precisely as his own brokers. This would never do, so he called a consultation, and informed the Walker firm that sort of thing would not do, that there was a traitor in the camp somewhere, and that, unless he was detected and fired, their relations could not continue. Close and earnest investigation was made, but without avail. Then came a transaction of more than ordinary importance, but to the intense disgust of the bonanza firm, it was apparently foreseen and anticipated by these same outside brokers, kept posted, apparently, by some traitor in the Walker-Austin camp. Then the bonanza people changed their broker, and from that hour the fortunes of Walker & Co., began to decline. Matters grew worse and worse. Austin committed suicide. Walker sold a magnificent mansion in Oakland which cost him close on \$500,000, to prop up the waning glory of the swell firm. At last it was a clean case of bust, and I don't believe Mr. Walker to-day could put his hand on \$200. I saw him looking wistfully at the Nevada bank building, probably comparing the different states of Flood, the member, and Walker, the ex-member, of the bonanza firm. He discovered, when too late, that the high-priced book-keeper was the traitor. He sold his employers, but no luck ever came of his treachery, and he is to-day keeping books at \$50 a month for a Hebrew clothes-dealer in Portland, Ore.

Walker is but a type of hundreds of others who have had their chance and their day on Pine street. With a strange fatuity these wrecks still cling to the locality where they made and lost fortunes in the past, though nine-tenths of them have not a dime to speculate with, and could not get credit for a glass of lager, when their names a decade ago were sufficient guarantee for a dozen or fifty dozen cases of champagne. A few have pulled out with a small stake, and there are some there on the street yet who have a little money, and would speculate if they saw an opening, and not a few fanatics who await the coming of the Messiah—the discovery of another great bonanza.

### Advent of the Mosquito.

On fleetest wing thou sure hast come!  
Last eve I heard the song thou sung;  
I scarce had thought thy season due;  
As soon I'd meet an untamed shrew.  
A fellow feels as he would die  
Phlebotomized by a Spanish fly—  
Oh, no; not the fly cantharides,  
But the fly mosquito, if you please.  
Of all the ills that flesh is heir to,  
None there are that can compare to  
This buzzing, singing, stinging creature—  
This horrid, sanguinary skeeter.  
Thou comest e'er the soul to vex,  
Thou insectivorous Culex.

—*Goodall's Daily Sun.*

### HOW TO SELL JEWELRY.

**Women Said To Be a Hard Lot to Deal With.**

A Main street jeweler says that he finds the women a hard lot to deal with in some respects, while in others they are very desirable customers. "If a man buys a \$10 watch and finds that it gets two or three minutes out of the way in course of time he comes back and wants to dynamite the store. A woman buys a watch for its looks, and if it is five or ten minutes out of the way she doesn't care. She would prefer not to have it stop altogether, though. Now and then a school ma'am comes in here and shows quite a masculine desire to have a good time-keeper, but she is an exception. Then it is hard for a woman to make up her mind about a purchase anyway. I sold a fine gold watch to a woman yesterday," continued the merchant, "after she had been in certainly ten times to look over my stock. Since she started out on her search she had been to every store in the city. I know she had. She was accompanied on her last visit by a male friend, who advised for my watch. She kept me all through my supper hour, but of course she didn't think of that and I was satisfied. Sometimes we have to resort to little tricks of trades. Two women came in here the other day and said they had an hour in which to buy a clock for their pastor. I showed them a beautiful French clock worth \$75. The price was about right, but they couldn't be satisfied so easily, and were for starting out on a tour of inspection. I took the clock to pieces, showed them the works, explained the mechanism, and got them so interested that they forgot how the time was flying; the hour went by, they did not have time to look further, and were well satisfied to buy the clock. The secret of successful selling is always to be courteous and interested in your customers. In no business is this so important as in ours, in which sales have to be carefully cultivated from the first feeble nibble to the final bite. Here comes a man now that I have been trying to sell diamonds to for a month." The door burst open, the jeweler left his cosy quarters to meet the visitor, entered into a pleasant chat with the would-be buyer, got out the familiar casket and displayed its contents to the best advantage. Then he leaned carelessly over the showcase, whistled softly, and gazed out at the people on the street. But the visitor's part was not played so nicely. He turned over the jewels nervously, put them on his fingers, took them off, looked at them in every light, twisted his handkerchief in them. Then, as if with sudden determination, he held up a ring, asked the price, criticised the fit, haggled over the price a little, and said he would take it. The purchase was quickly made, and the jeweler came back with a smile of triumph. "He paid \$5 more for that diamond than I would have given it to him for a week ago," he said. "It almost amounts to a superstition with me, but I make special efforts to sell, and at good prices, on rainy days. Some days we sell \$10 worth of goods and some days \$500. Rainy days, and some others, are set down as bad ones for trade. So I exert myself to bring up the sales if possible on the off days. We hang out for a fair price if we can get it, we take a low price if we must, but sell we will. One sees a good deal of human nature, for few things touch a man's innermost self so closely as his pocketbook; and few things touch his pocketbook like a jeweler's line of goods."—*Springfield Republican.*

### Giving Away the Preacher.

A distinguished Boston divine preached a few Sundays ago for a cousin who is pastor of a church forty miles out in the country. His relative was somewhat flurried by the presence of the city minister, and in the opening prayer with which he prefaced the other's sermons he prayed:

"Help thy servant who is to speak to us to-day. Without thee—help him—for—." He stopped, tried to collect himself, and finished—"for, O Lord, he can't do much, anyway!"—*Boston Record.*

"There is no such word as fail," except for the man who does not advertise.

### IGNORANT VISITORS.

**Strange Mistakes of People Who Go to Washington.**

The ignorance of the character of Washington city, its public buildings, the relation of its law-makers to one another, etc., as displayed by visitors, writes Murray in *The Indianapolis News*, is something appalling. It is not confined to the backwoods of Arkansas or the dirt-eaters of North Carolina, but permeates the intelligent people who reside in the city of Boston and in the nearer city of New York. Here we fellows on the row have been writing about Washington from ten to twenty years, and imparting valuable information on every possible subject in connection with the government and public affairs. We are actually driven every week to conceive something new, or write up something old in a fresh manner. And to us nearly everything seems old and stale. When I come across a New York man who thinks the president lives in the capitol building, or a Massachusetts man who has an idea that the senate and the supreme court hold joint sessions, I feel as if our newspaper lives were in a manner running to waste. You think these exaggerations? Not a bit. I have met two such men within the last two weeks. It seems strange that a New York broker worth a couple of hundred thousand (at times) should know so little about these things. Yet my chance acquaintance was found to be very intelligent and clever otherwise.

He said: "A good many of us think and read of little beyond Wall street. It is as much as I can do to master the financial columns of the New York press. When I get through with them, if I have any time to read, I skim over the local sensations. I have been doing this for years."

"And your set does the same thing, I suppose," I suggested.

"Practically, yes. Some of the fellows have theatrical or musical tastes, or run after horseflesh, or the ladies, or base-ball, or yachting, or something or other, and these read still less. The strain of the street requires relaxation. Books? I don't believe a dozen books a year are read by the whole force of operatives combined. Upon my word, I haven't read a book for five years. I have not time and when I have time I have no inclination. My knowledge of government affairs is very crude. You are inclined to laugh at what you call my ignorance. But remember ignorance is a relative matter. Nobody can master everything, and the successful men of the age attempt to master but one thing. The news is your profession. If I should take you into the stock-exchange to-morrow you would be laughed at for your ignorance. Do you know the gamut of puts and calls?"

I confessed the justice of his criticism.

"Well, the dealer in margins must have many of the qualities of statesmanship, decision of character, subtlety, nerve, staying power, convictions. I understand my business pretty well, as the run of them, but I can't paint, or sculpt, or run a newspaper."

"I am very glad to have met you, sir," I remarked. "You are the first man I ever met who confessed he couldn't run a newspaper. You are a philosopher, sir."

"What's more," he added, laughing, "I don't want to."

"That's more remarkable still."

Very much impressed with the cool philosophy of my broker acquaintance, I left him, but the talk has been running through my head ever since. I met a lady of culture last night and related it.

"Why, dear me!" she exclaimed, "I used to think the same thing till I came to Washington. I always supposed the president lived in the capitol, and that it and the white house were identical."

I ventured a little reportorial wit at her expense, and then repented. Her companion retorted:

"Oh, you newspaper men are so vain. You think everybody reads what you write. It's a mercy they don't. You are so smart and know so much it actually pains you! It's a mercy some of you don't burst! Why, I can ask you more questions in a minute than you can answer in a week. Can't we, Jennie? And I don't know anything—about—about labor and capitol and politics and laws."